

MERRIMACK MAGAZINE

AND

LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

PUBLISHED BY WHITTINGHAM & JOHN GILMAN, NEWBURYPORT.

Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1806.

[No. 39.]

Communications.

* Hither the products of your closet-labors bring,
* Enrich our columns, and instruct mankind.*

FOR THE MAGAZINE.

ORIGINAL LETTERS...NO. I.

B—d, April 30, 1806.

DEAR M...Y,

YOUR request for my sentiments on FEMALE EDUCATION shall be indulged. The object of education, in all its various parts, should be directed to the real happiness of the subject, and no person can enjoy any thing which deserves the name, who is not in good degree, independent on others for it. By independence, it is not intended, that a young lady should affect to be, or think herself, independent on her connections, or that she should fill her mind with chimerical notions, that may lead her to fancy herself a kind of spiritual being, affecting to despise every thing material, and endeavoring to raise herself above the reach of the infinite number of adverse occurrences incident to human life. No, so far from it, she must feel and act like an inhabitant of earth, and fortify her mind against the numerous and continual attacks of the enemies of human happiness; for however exalted her situation may be, in point of property and connections, she ought to remember that their duration is extremely uncertain. But by independence, is meant that ability to assist and provide for herself when other resources fail. This ability is derived from two sources: The first is a perfect knowledge of every thing within her sphere of action in domestic life; the second owes its origin to such qualifications as are acquired by reading, reflection, and conversation with intelligent and polite company. A woman at the head of a family, who is dependent on her domestics for the proper management of her affairs, never ought to lay any claim to independence—she is exposed every day to be imposed on and abused. Her situation is important and interesting, and if she possesses that kind of sensibility which is calculated to render her respectable, ignorance in domestic concerns will be a constant source of mortification.

This ignorance is often the effect of a ridiculous tenderness in parents for their daughters, and is more frequently found in parents, who, from small beginnings, have by their laudable industry and economy, raised themselves from a state of mediocrity to affluence. It would seem as if they are unwilling their children should be made acquainted with the means, by which they ascended to stations of respectability and consequence—They appear to esteem every thing which requires labour and application, too difficult for, and derogatory to, their children. And it not unfrequently happens, that they discover and regret their errors when too late. Young ladies, who have had their expectations raised, by the indulgent attentions of their parents and others, think of commencing their career, at the stage where they leave their parents, not considering that it requires as much circumspection, industry, and economy, to retain, as to acquire property. Hence we see many instances of disappointment and chagrin; and instead of finding their enjoyments enhanced, they are in fact diminished, if not destroyed in consequence of their elevated situation.

You may perhaps ask me, if it is absolutely necessary, that a young woman should be obliged to do the laborious work of a family, in order to gain a competent knowledge of it? It is not necessary she should be confined to the kitchen, but it is indispensibly so, that she should pass so much of her time there, as to enable her to do, with ease, whatever family concerns may require—she may then be mistress of her family, should she ever have one, and as such will be respected by her domestics, if she treats them with justice and humanity. But if she is incapable of giving them directions and orders with propriety, she will soon become an object of their ridicule, if not contempt. For, it is flattering to the pride of those, who act in the capacity of servants, to feel a superiority in any respect, to those whom they serve, and they are often ready to avail themselves of any deficiencies they can discover.

It is also essential, that every woman, who has the charge of a family, should be able, with her own hands, to do any of the common kinds of needle work that daily necessity requires. What is more ridiculous

than for a young lady to feel herself flattered when complimented on working an imaginary coat of arms, who cannot, without difficulty, make one of the most common garments in use? And how absurd to hear one puffed for her skill in making trifles of a party, who cannot make a common family pudding, or a gravy for a line of veal!

P—.

Selections.

* Various, that the mind—studious of change
* And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.*

EFFECTS OF ENVY AND JEALOUSY.

A TALE.

WE have heard so much of the tragical effects of jealousy, that I was much pleased with an account lately given me of a gentleman, who has been happily cured of his jealousy without any of those melancholy circumstances, which too frequently result from that fatal passion even when it is groundless: As this gentleman's jealousy was of that description, I am the rather tempted to relate the story (under proper caution as to name and persons) because there is a moral justice in its catastrophe, which is pleasing even in fiction, but more particularly so when we meet it in the real occurrences of life.

Sir Paul Testy in his forty-eighth year married the beautiful Louisa in her eighteenth; there are some parents who seem to think a good settlement can atone for any disparity of age; and Louisa's were of this sort. Sir Paul had a maiden sister several years younger than himself, who had kept his house for some time before his marriage with Louisa, and as this lady was in fact an admirable economist, and also in possession of a very considerable independent fortune, the prudent Baronet took his measures for her continuance in his family, where, under pretence of assisting the inexperience of his young bride, she still maintained her government in as absolute authority as ever: As Miss Rachel would have been better pleased with her brother, had he chosen a wife with

less beauty and more fortune than Louisa brought into the family, it may be doubted if she would have remained with him after his marriage, had she not been pretty far advanced in an affair of the heart with a certain young gentleman, whose attentions, though in fact directed to her purse, she was willing to believe had been honorably addressed to her person.

This young gentleman whom I shall call Lionel, was undoubtedly an object well deserving the regards of any lady in Miss Rachel's predicament; with a fine person and engaging address, he had the recommendation of high birth, being a younger son of the Lord Mortimer, a venerable old Peer, who resided at his family mansion within a few miles of Sir Paul, and lived upon the most friendly terms with him in a frequent intercourse of visits: Lionel had given his worthy father great uneasiness from his early dissipation and extravagance; considerable sums had been paid for him to clear his debts, but the old Lord's estate being a moderate one, and entailed upon his eldest son, Lionel had been obliged to sell out of the army, and was now living upon the bounty of his father on a reduced and slender allowance.

It is not to be wondered at that Lionel, who felt his own embarrassments too sensibly to neglect any fair means of getting rid of them, should be willing to repair his shattered fortunes by an advantageous match; and though Miss Rachel was not exactly the lady he would have chosen, yet he very justly considered that his circumstances did not entitle him to choose for himself; he was also strongly urged to the measure by his father, to whose wishes he held himself bound to conform, not only on the score of duty, but of atonement likewise. At this time the affair was in so promising a train, that there is little doubt but it would have been brought to a conclusion between the parties, had not Sir Paul's marriage taken place as it did; but as Miss Rachel for reasons which are sufficiently explained, determined upon remaining with her brother, the intercourse between the lovers was renewed, as soon as Sir Paul had brought home his bride, and was sufficiently settled to receive the visits of his friends and neighbours on the occasion.

Now it was that the unhappy Rachel became a victim to the most tormenting of all human passions: Her sister-in-law had a thousand charms, and she soon discovered, or fancied she discovered, that Lionel's attentions were directed to a fairer object than herself. She had now the strongest of all motives for keeping a watchful eye upon Louisa's behavior, and it is the property of jealousy to magnify and discolour every thing it looks upon; for some time, however, she kept herself under prudent re-

straint; a hint now and then, cautiously introduced in the way of advice, was all she ventured upon; but these hints were so little attended to by Louisa, whose innocent gaiety lent no ear to such remonstrances, that they were occasionally repeated in a graver tone; as these grew more and more peevish, Louisa began to take a little mischievous pleasure in teasing, and was piqued into behavior, which probably she would never have indulged herself in toward Lionel, had not Rachel's jealousy provoked her to it; still it was innocent, but so far imprudent, as it gave handle to Rachel's malice, who now began to sow the seeds of discontent in her brother's irritable bosom.

In one of those jarring dialogues, which now frequently passed between the sisters, Rachel, after descanting upon the old topic with some degree of asperity, concluded her lecture with many professions of zeal for Louisa's happiness, and observed to her as an apology for the freedom of her advice, that she had a right to some little experience of the world more than had yet fallen to the other's lot: To which Louisa replied with some tartness—"True! for you have lived more years in it than I have." "A few, perhaps," answered Rachel. "As few, or as many as you choose to acknowledge," added Louisa, "it is one among a variety of advantages over me, which you are too generous to boast of, and I too humble to repine at." "Be that as it may," said the eldest damsel, "you will give me leave to observe that I have a double call upon you for discretion; you are a married woman."

"Perhaps that very circumstance may be a proof of my indiscretion."

"How so, Madam! I may venture to say my brother Sir Paul was no unreasonable match for your Ladyship; at least, I can witness some pains were employed on your part to obtain him."

"Well my dear sister," replied Louisa with an affected *nonchalance*, "after so much pains is it not natural I should wish to repose myself a little?" "Indiscretion admits of no repose; health, honor happiness are sacrificed by its effects; it saps the reputation of a wife; it shakes the affections of a husband."

"Be content!" cried Louisa; "if you will give no cause for disturbing the affections of a husband, I will take care none shall be given for attainting the reputation of the wife."

At this moment Sir Paul entered the room, and perceiving by the countenances of the ladies, that they were not perfectly in good humor with each other, eagerly demanded of Louisa why she looked grave.

"I would look grave, if I could," she replied, "out of compliment to my company; but I have so light a conscience and

so gay a heart, that I cannot look gravity in the face without laughing at it."

This was delivered with so pointed a glance at Rachel, that it was not possible to mistake the application, and she no sooner left the room, than an explanation took place between the brother and sister, in the course of which Rachel artfully contrived to infuse such a copious portion of her own poisonous jealousy into the bosom of Sir Paul, that upon the arrival of Lord Mortimer, which was at this crisis announced to him, he took a sudden determination to give him to understand how necessary it was become to his domestic happiness, that Lionel should be induced to discontinue his visits in his family.

To be continued.

—♦♦♦—

AIKIN'S LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY.*

From British Reviews.

A KINDER task could not have been undertaken for the benefit of the rising generation, than that of pointing out those portions of English poetry most deserving the attention of a young lady, the characteristic excellencies and defects of each writer, and the order of reading best adapted to form a correct and unbiassed taste. The reputation of Dr. Aikin, as a judicious and impartial critic, is such as will inspire his fair pupils with respect and confidence, and the public voice will probably echo our assurance, that they could not have found a sater or more pleasing guide through the flowery paths of poetry.

With regard to execution, its style is marked with the clearness, nervous conciseness, and easy elegance of the writer. —*An. Rev. vol. 2.*

Dr. Aikin's literary popularity is well merited. The unaffected purity of his style, the judicious precision of his taste, the benevolence of his morality, ought to endear his production to the parent and to the pupil. To the readers of English poetry, these letters will form a welcome present. They will recall to notice, and prompt a re perusal of, many excellent and instructive pieces. They will abridge the labour of the novice, by teaching where to skip. They will embolden the incipient critic, who finds, on consultation, his sympathies corroborated. They may prepare, what is much wanted both for foreign and domestic circulation, an Anthology of our minor poets, from which the weeds of Parnassus should be thrown aside for ever. —*Crit. Rev. 3d series, vol. 1.*

If the knowledge and taste of Dr. Aikin, in the poetry of his country, had not already been proved by various publications, these letters would alone suffice to display those qualifications in a very favourable light. By the easiest and most judicious steps he conducts his fair pupil (whom, by

* See advertisement in last page.

the mode of address, we should suppose to be some near relation) through every class of English poetry; explaining the nature and peculiarities of each, and illustrating his remarks by the most apposite citations.

Dr. Aikin's letters will doubtless have the honour of introducing many elegant females to a just acquaintance with the English poets.—*British Critic*, vol. 25.

A NEW MODE OF SCANDAL.

A BLIND man of Paris, retiring in the dusk to his hovel, after having spent the day in begging, with little success, was accosted by a person, who told him, that if he would go home with him, he should find his account in it. The blind man joyfully consented to be conducted to his new friend's house, and was thus addressed by him: "I am not rich, and yet I wish to show charity to the poor, which I have no other possibility of doing, unless by giving them parcels of tales and novels which I compose, to sell at a very moderate price, for their own benefit. Here, my friend is a good parcel of them, which you shall dispose of at the rate of two-pence each, although they are intrinsically worth thrice the money." The poor fellow, after loudly expressing his gratitude, groped his way home exulting, and sallied out the next morn, to enjoy the profits of his benefactor's productions. He cried his pamphlets by the title of a new novel, as he had been directed, and for some time had no custom; but one of his books having been purchased and examined, the rest met with a most rapid sale, and the blind man returned homewards with his pockets well loaded. His pleasant ideas were, however, soon checked, by finding himself in the custody of an officer of the police, who told him that the book which he had sold was a most virulent and impudent satire against a person of rank. The poor blind man protested his innocence, and told his tale, which, luckily for him, was believed; but he could give no information which could lead to the contriver of this very ingenious and new way of spreading abroad scandal with impunity.

The present age, far from encouraging obsolete defamation, seems rather to indulge in the opposite extreme. Sir John Falstaff has found an ingenious advocate, to affirm that cowardice never formed a part of his character. Richard III, tyrant as he was, has not been without a friend, who has exhausted the powers of every engine, which wit and reading could supply, to set his character and his back straight: and volumes upon volumes are written, to prove the immaculate purity of Mary, queen of Scots.

GENOESE PATRIOTISM.

No part of history is so pleasing as that which exhibits emancipation from oppression: for nothing can afford greater satisfaction than to see a brave people resolving to be free, shaking off the yoke of unworthy servitude, and punishing their audacious tyrants. The revolution in Genoa, after it had been conquered by the Austrians, is an event of this kind. Botta, the general of the empress queen's forces, had, by his insolent menaces, so terrified the Senate and nobles, that the contemptible grandees resolved to resign the government into his hands, and to throw themselves on his mercy. Adorno alone, who commanded in Savonna, behaved with proper spirit: he declared that he was determined to defend this place to the last, and that he had made a will, by which he had destined all his fortune to the relief of all the widows and children of those of his countrymen who might be slain during the siege. To the messengers sent by the Senate to command him to resign the town to the Austrians, he answered, "That he had been entrusted with the defence of it by a free republic, and would not obey the orders of an enslaved republic to resign it." Accordingly he sustained a siege and blockade of three months, and did not capitulate till reduced to the last extremity. The rapacity of the Austrians was insatiable, and they added the most intolerable cruelty to their excessive extortions.

There were, however, in Genoa forty thousand men who were neither nobles nor senators, but whose conduct deserved a more honorable title than any which kings and senates can exclusively bestow.—The Austrians were about to carry off the cannon, in order to employ them against the allies of the republic, which excited the utmost indignation. During the operation an officer happened to strike a Genoese who did not obey his orders with sufficient alacrity; the Genoese immediately stabbed him to the heart: this was the signal for a general insurrection; the people attacked the Austrians with stones, which were the only weapons they then had; but they soon procured other arms, notwithstanding the attempt of the doge and senate to prevent them. Botta was mad with rage; "shall the Austrians," he cried, "who drove the French out of Italy, tremble before a Genoese mob?" Yet this Genoese mob, under the command of Doria, defeated them repeatedly, slew several thousands of them, made four thousand of them prisoners, and at length drove them entirely out of the city. This brave people did not long retain their liberty; the perfidious Louis, who had reaped such advantages from their spirited conduct, and who could not but approve of it when directed against the Austrians, was mean enough to assist the senate

and nobles in re-establishing their aristocratical government.

JULIA GONZAGA.

THE story of Julia Gonzaga is well known. Her exquisite and far-famed beauty tempted a Corsair to fit out a small squadron, and to land near her castle, in order to make himself master of so rich a prize. A domestic burst into her room, while the pirates were actually scaling her walls, and snatched her, naked as she was, from her bed, conveyed her on horse-back out of the reach of her assailants. When they had gained a place of security, the lady's high sense of modesty obliged her to cause her honest, although perhaps indelicate, preserver to be assassinated. Thus much is always told; but it is very little known, although certainly true, that during their flight from the castle, the fugitives fell in with one of those roving parties of banditti, which Italy, in those days abounded with. This paragon of beauty was a full week detained by the band of out-laws, before she had leave to pursue her journey, and to execute her plan of vengeance on her deliverer. Had she been honored by a La Fontaine for her historian, her adventures might perhaps have eclipsed those of the princess of Garbes. Possibly she might not be sorry to be rid of one who had been a witness to the hospitality of her late entertainers.

FOR THE MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. GILMANS,

You are requested to insert the following translation and solution of the Enigma in your last Magazine.

TRANSLATION.

YE sage enigmatists I'd know,
A field you can't completely mow,
Till first its cover'd o'er with snow.

SOLUTION.

Men, ere they mow the bristles of their face,
On the rough field a snowy cov'ring place:

Editors' Notices.

Ann-Amelia's poetical favor shall appear next week.

We this day commence the publication of a comedy, entitled, *The Father, or American Shandyism*, in which sentiment, wit, and comic humour, are most happily blended; nor is that due proportion of the pathetic, which interests the finer feelings of the human heart, omitted.—Our readers will doubtless find it a rich fund of amusement.

Married,

In this town, Mr. Arthur Gilman, merchant, to Miss Mary Marquand.

Died,

In London, Dec. 12, 1805, Henry Sampson Woodfall, aged 67; who for 40 years conducted "The Public Advertiser," in which the celebrated letters of Junius were originally published.

In Portsmouth, Mr. Samuel Tappan, ag. 47.

In Amesbury, Mr. John Currier, aged 31.

In this town, Mr. William Todd, aged 50.—Mrs. Newman, relict of the late Dr. J. Newman.—A Child of Mr. Charles Chase.

Poetry.

FOR THE MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. GILMANS,

By giving the following Poem from the pen of Walker, a place in a corner of your *Cabinet*, you will oblige,

SELGRAVE.

THE EASY LOVER.

A BALLAD.

COME love me, cried Colin, one day, to his lass,
Why frown you thus always upon me?
For if, my dear girl, you'd but look in your glass,
You'd see that those frowns don't become ye.
Beside, let me tell ye, though great be my love,
'Tis kindness alone can support it;
And if you thus always by frowning reprove,
I must fly, and by absence retort it.

Away! replied Chloe, who wants you to stay?
Go, go, and no never come nigh me;
I'm sure, when you're present, I wish you away,
To retort on my heart I defy ye.
I'll frown when I please, and I'll smile when I chuse,
And to you it shall ne'er be accounted:
So go and tell Rose that your love I refuse,
With her you perhaps may surmount it.

I thank you, said Colin, I'll take your advice,
For Rose is as handsome as you be;
And since you refuse me for reasons so nice,
Longer fighting would mark me a booby.
Beside, if she's pretty, she also has wit,
To know when to take what love offers:
What says the old proverb? When one don't best,
To another then tender your proffers.

THE TEAR OF REGRET.

WHEN the soft tear steals silently down from the eye,
Take no note of its course, nor detect the slow sigh;
From some spring of soft sorrow its origin flows,
Some tender remembrance that weeps as it goes.

Ah! it is not to say what will bring to the mind,
The joys that are fled, and the friends left behind;
A tune, or a song, or the time of the year,
Strikes the key of reflection, and moans on the ear.

Thro' the gay scenes of youth the remembrancer strays,
Till mem'ry steps back on past pleasures to gaze;
Fleeting shades they now seem, that glide silent away,
The remains of past hours, and the ghosts of each day.

Let the tear then drop silent, nor mark the full eye,
The soul's secret off'ring no mortal should spy;
Few souls are prepar'd for a rite so divine,
Sensibility offers at Memory's shrine.

THE FATHER :

Or, AMERICAN SHANDYISM.

A COMEDY—IN FIVE ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

Men—Col. Duncan,
Mr. Racket,
Ranter,
Capt. Haller,

Lieut. Campley,
Doctor Quiescent,
Cartridge,
Jacob.

Women—Mrs. Racket, Miss Felton, Mrs. Grenade, Susannah,

The scene lies in a hall at Racket's house, in New York—
Time seven or eight hours.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Mr. and Mrs. Racket at a breakfast table, he with a patch across his nose, and reading a newspaper. She rises in anger.

Mrs. Racket. THIS provoking indifference is not to be borne; ungrateful man, you know you owe all you have to your marriage with me; my affection led me to risk all for you: Col. Duncan little thinks the return you make to me for his bounty—Oh Mr. Racket this is too ill usage.

Racket. (reading.) "A majority of 31 in favor of adopting it with amendments,"—pray sit down my dear, you will fatigue yourself—pray sit down.

Mrs. R. Sir, this is adding insult to insult; am I never to see you but when ill-dressed, caused by rioting and drunkenness, prevents you from going out?

Racket. (reads) "And we hope all the states will follow our virtuous example"—Glorious faith—(yawns and stretches.)

Mrs. R. Virtuous example truly!—I wonder Sir, you are not ashamed of yourself—we have been married but one year—and—

Racket. (rising) No more? Oh it has been a curd long year.

Mrs. R. And you have been intoxicated almost every night since.

Racket. Excess of joy my dear—would not you have me show, that I am happy in having so prudent, so domestic, so patient a wife as I have? Nothing but joy my dear—nothing else you may depend upon it.

Mrs. R. And you hope your example will be followed too—

Racket. Ha!—oh—the new constitution, my dear, the new constitution.

Mrs. R. Ay, that's one of your excuses for carousing; the new constitution will make you're an old one; and last night you must keep St. Patrick; I should be glad to know what you have to do with St. Patrick.

Racket. Why my dear, my grandfather was an Irishman, my father a Scotchman, and I, myself, an Englishman, so I am received into the societies of the three nations—I would join St. Tammany if he would let me.

Mrs. R. You may be ashamed to show your face to batter'd and bruise'd.

Racket. You shall make me up, my dear—bestow a little of the toil and rouge upon my face that you usually take for your own, and I may cut a very decent appearance yet.—But may I ask my love—Why do you make this extraordinary fuss and rancor about my nose?—My looks or actions have not usually been the subjects of your enquiries or contemplation of late.

Mrs. R. I can no longer find in your looks a wish to please me, and for your actions, they will not bear contemplation—and is it not enough to provoke the mildest temper upon earth, to see your face disfigured in such a manner that you cannot be seen in the boxes this evening? And if I am seen alone with Capt. Ranter, the whole town will be talking about it—(aside) If I cannot rouse him by jealousy, I am lost—provoking—you will break my heart, Mr. Racket, you will.

[Exit.

Racket alone.

Your humble servant, Mrs. Racket, I am occasionally to be carried into public to be a blind, a screen, a stalking horse—ox—ox—ox—perdition!—I began to think she was really concerned for me; for to give her her due, she never troubles me in my pleasures, so they do not clash with her own—well, this drinking is not the thing for a sober citizen. (pulls out his watch,) half past eleven o'clock by all that's indolent, and my store not open yet.

Enter Ranter.

Racket. Ha! Ranter, how do ye?

Ranter. What! ha! ha! ha!—What in the name of tunbely'd Bacchus—I invoke you by your own god—have you been about?—Has your wife been scratching ye?

Racket. No, but, I will tell ye—ha! ha! ha! a droll frolic, faith.

Ranter. And your nose is in mourning for't.

Racket. You must know I honour'd St. Patrick last night with as hearty a set of boys as ever cried whack whack shilleley, bring twelve bottles more; and returning home with Paddy O'Dermot, and Frank McConnally, we overtook a very modest milch cow, when O'Dermot cries "look ye honey, there's a mighty pretty occasion to shew yo ur horsemanship."

Ranter. And you not to be cow'd by a cow—

Racket. With a spring I rose—

Ranter. And like a calf fell i'the mire:

Racket. How I got on I know not, but she kick'd so brutally, that in spite of my horsemanship—

Ranter. Alias cowmanship:

Racket. She tot'd me clean over her head.

Ranter. Most uncleanly into the mud.

Racket. And so—

Ranter. You broke your nose: Cowriding—On that's too good—ha! ha! ha!—

Racket. Poh! poh! why it might have happened to any body; don't mention it, one would not have every body know it—

Ranter. Oh it speaks plain enough for itself; look in the glass and your sins will stare you in the face;—Egad, your nose will be as useful to me as Bardolph's was to the fat knight; I shall never look on it but I shall think of an undertaker's hearse; the black pall covering the corpse of my old uncle, 'twill encourage me to persevere *jans foucis*, though *jans six fous*, and look forward to his removal from the world of iniquity—

Racket. Come, come, my nose disclaims all relationship; but pray when do you proceed to Canada to join your regiment?

Ranter. I don't know—I believe it is too late in the season—they tell me that the lakes will be broke up before I can get there—I believe I shall go home in the first packet—if the women will let me—you have the finest women in this place—pray is Miss Felton or your wife to be seen this morning?

Racket. I suppose so, we will see.

Enter Jacob:

J. Sair, dere is doo peoples vaunts you.

(Ranter walks back.)

Racket. What do they want? Is it any of the English gentlemen I have had goods from. Mr. Wringe, or Mr. Gripe, or Mr. Twist? If it is, I am not at home.

J. Sair, it is doo contre peoples son Long-land, for coods out of de store.

Racket. Oh—hang it—I can't attend to business—ask them to call again—

J. Sair, Mr. Quill vaunts to know if dere is any coods to go to vendue to-day, and if you'll open store.

Racket. No, it is too bad weather—no, I shall do nothing to-day—I'll tell my wife you are here, (to Ranter.) Excuse me a few minutes.

[Exit with Jacob.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the Ladies.

THIS DAY PUBLISHED, BY
THOMAS & WHIPPLE,

AND FOR SALE AT THEIR BOOK-STORE,

Sign of Johnson's Head, Market Square,

In a beautiful 12mo volume, on fine woven paper,

A new and interesting work, entitled,

Letters to a Young Lady,

ON A COURSE OF

English Poetry.

BY J. AIKIN, M. D.

—Hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth,
Whose songs sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
Anus'd my childhood, and inform'd my youth:
For well I know, wherever ye reside,
There harmony, and peace, and innocence abide.

Minstrel.

May 10, 1806.